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OUTFITTERS.

THERE is a class of human beings who are only known to the rest by the demands which they ever and anon make for new outfits. They seem born for nothing else but to be outfitted. Their lives consist of a series of commencements, or intentions to commence, without any middles or conclusions. "Never ending, still beginning," is their motto of action, or rather of inaction. It is of no consequence to what part of the world they may be sent in an outfitted state. Almost the first news of their arrival on the field is their return in want of another outfit. The necessity of a new outfit depends expressly on the exhaustion of the old one. Living entirely upon outfits, they no sooner exhaust one, than, like the caterpillar which has eaten up its leaf, they have to look about for another. To do them justice, while an outfit lasts, they trouble their friends and themselves very little about any other source of aliment. But when one is done, they must have a new one—that is the great law of their existence. Friends, accordingly, appear to them as only a set of people created to furnish them with outfits. Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, are regarded by them as only certain vegetables which they are destined to eat. Whatever be the nature of the supply which they get—however great, however little—whether likely to endure for years, or for hours—it is to them simply an outfit. An outfit may be a matter of thousands or a matter of pence. It may be a single meal, in which case they will trouble nobody till they once more become hungry, and require another outfit of the same kind. All they wish is to be outfitted.

It is the nature of outfitters to begin with great things and gradually sink to less. Outfitted in the first place with an expensive education, a handsome patrimony, and the influence of many kind friends, they start off in the career of life, the envy and admiration of numberless poor fellows who have only their hands and heads to look to. Those who admire the dash of their offset little know the nature of outfitters. Just as soon as outfit number one can be eaten up, back they come for outfit number two. Number two usually, in a certain rank of life, consists of a commission or place, either at home or abroad, with a sufficiency of respectable apparel for the dignity and the climate. Number two is also right soon exhausted. Back comes the outfitter, as much in need of friendly aid as before. They now try him with the West Indies; but a true outfitter defies tropical suns. Send him to Sierra Leone, and he would be back next year, as pale and as clamorous for a new outfit as ever. A return from the West Indies is an important era in the career of an outfitter. His friends now begin to feel afflicted by him, and to entertain certain very dreary anticipations of his future career. They are still civil, but by no means disposed to venture much more in his behalf. He must, nevertheless, be fitted out anew. A situation in a counting-house at Lima or Rio Janeiro is procured for him, and all he requires by way of outfit is a couple of suits, the payment of his passage-money, and a small sum to pay for extras—he is always very particular about extras. Off he goes once more, and his friends have almost shut the doors of their memory upon one so unlucky, when, some fine day, just as his father and the rest of the family are sitting down to dinner, the lost one reappears before them—so exhausted of every thing, so bare, so empty, so destitute of all integument and encumbrance, that the comfort and fulness of the paternal home is dulled and diminished by his very presence. Those interested in him now go to a terrestrial globe, to ascertain

the most distant part of the earth, and, finding it to be New South Wales, they resolve to make a last desperate effort to get quit of him by sending him thither, either in a mercantile capacity or as a settler, which ever may seem most likely to fix him on the spot. Being ready for every thing or any thing, so that he only can be outfitted, he enters heartily into their schemes, studies a book or two about the country, so as to be able to talk of kangaroos and Cobaw Wogy, and in three months is once more dancing over the foam in professed pursuit of fortune. The average time required for the return of an outfitter from New South Wales is two years, for vessels do not leave Sydney at every season. It may be more or it may be less. But in about that time the outfitter may be expected. The civility of his friends lasts on this occasion only for two or three days, during which their predominant feeling is pleasure in again seeing one endeared to them by ties of kindred and early association. But all now perceive and acknowledge the utter vanity of every attempt to set him afloat in the world, and declare against disbursing another shilling on his account. There is always, however, some old aunt or grand-aunt, who, when the rest have shaken him off, is disposed to take his part. He has heard of an "opening" somewhere, and all that is wanted is a respectable appearance, and a few sovereigns. Furnished accordingly by her generosity, he sets off for the scene of action, upon which he enters with all desirable briskness. A month after, he informs his aunt that another small sum—only twenty pounds—will be necessary to enable him to do justice to the enterprise; and this sum, and another to the same amount, are successively remitted to him. On her proving unable or unwilling to advance a third, he has no course but to abandon the attempt. Having now exhausted the generosity of the whole race or clan to which he belonged, besides that of many individuals upon whom he had no claim of kindred, it might be expected that so helpless a being would immediately be exposed to the miseries of famine, and perish without remedied. But no—one active principle still remains within him—the craving of another outfit. He sinks, it is true, out of all gentlemanly consideration, and is treated as a mere mendicant. Still the principle remains—he must be outfitted. All whom he has ever known—playfellows, schoolfellows, desk-companions, travelling-companions, friends and acquaintances of all kinds—persons whom he has "met"—all who have ever obliged him—all who have ever spoken civilly to him—are successively laid under contribution for the means of once more beginning the world. One gives a coat, another a half-crown, a third an old hat. Yet, as the coat is always sure to be out at the elbows before he gets the hat, or the hat has lost the crown before he obtains a tolerable pair of shoes, he never gets any nearer his point. He is thus always seeking to be, but never exactly is, outfitted. Even in his first and best outfit there were some imperfections which he could see to be the sole cause of his want of all success in them. His capital was then, perhaps, a thousand pounds too little; he is now short of the right thing by a stocking and a half. An outfitter, accordingly, always represents himself as an ill-used and unfortunate man. The means with which he is furnished ever appear to him inadequate to the ends which he is expected to accomplish. He seems to himself, through the whole of his career, as one called upon to make bricks without straw, or firing either. It was the same when he had fortune, as when he had none. The disproportion between what he had to do, and what he had to do with, was on all occasions the same. The blame and vituperation, therefore, which his friends

bestow for the losses he has occasioned to them, always appear to him as the height of injustice. It is he who has the right, he thinks, to complain and to rail, seeing that they never yet set him rightly afloat, but were invariably guilty of some shortcoming in their benevolence, which had the effect of baulking all his endeavours. His general tone is accordingly that of a man spited at the world. He may have lived in it for fifty years without being the producer of one mouthful of what he has consumed; he may have been indebted to individuals and to the community for every thing he has ever used or enjoyed; and he may never have even formed the notion of benefiting either his kind or himself by one well-directed effort; and yet he will end with the deep-seated conviction, that he has been a victim of the malevolence and niggardliness of his fellow-creatures.

To be in any way connected with an outfitter is a very serious evil. There are little lulls in the tempests of life, when one feels so far secure as to allow himself to take his ease for a whole evening, without any thought of care or labour, and when he almost forgets that such things as folly and misery exist. On such a night, when all is calm and happiness, how often does it happen that a bell is rung or a knocker rapped, and presently a servant announces that "a man" desires to see us—as if the generic term of the human being were all that a poor devil was entitled to. The late-come felicity flies that instant—it is an outfitter! There he stands, in all his unblushing raggedness and emaciation—a deplorable cousin, or nephew, or early acquaintance, who has regularly swept your wardrobe of all its half-worn contents for the last ten years—whom you have twice set up as a clerk, once as a shop-keeper, four times as a commission-agent, and once half prepared to become a settler in Upper Canada—who has hung upon your steps through all your active career, as a kind of evil genius—and who, you know very well, must continue to afflict you as long as you live, every effort of yours to the contrary notwithstanding! The intrusion of the skeleton into the festivities of the Scottish king could not have been felt as more mal-apropos than the entrance of such a visitor at such a moment—for, though you could tolerate his everlasting tale of misery at an ordinary season, it seems particularly hard that one of your few hours of hard-earned recreation should be broken up by it. An outfitter, however, knows well the proper moment for attack. He "bides his time." The garish eye of day brings business and its stern accuracies. He waits for the moonlight of the soul, between dinner and tea, when you stretch yourself conscientiously idle upon the sofa, and give yourself up to sport with your children, and listen to the gentle talk of your wife. Then comes in the ruthless invader to blast all your happiness with his long well-known petitioning face and forlorn figure. For years past he has had one unvarying story of the impossibility of getting any thing to do; but as you told him last time that you had ceased to believe it, and were determined thenceforth to indulge him no longer in his idleness, he is now eagerly ready to mention that there is at length a prospect of some employment. An old blind gentleman—a Mr Leighton—who lives somewhere—his wife's uncle once lived in the same street with us—only three doors off, round the corner—no, not round the corner, but perhaps we know the place—requires a person to conduct him about town. But then that person must have a good coat (here a dolorous look at his sleeve), for blind men are very particular about the respectability of those who conduct them. And in short a new outfit is necessary. What can you do with the miserable being? To turn

him forth unaided, while you are yourself enjoying no small portion of the comforts of life, would self-convict you of shameful selfishness, the vice of all others you most scrupulously guard against. On the other hand, if you contribute to his necessities, you are almost certain that he will be none the better for it three days hence. After all, and for the twentieth time, you feel it necessary to put him in the way of well-doing. Full of protestations of gratitude, and resolutions of amendment, he goes forth to wallow once more in the mire of indulgence and sloth; while you go back to your parlour, unfitted by the derangement of your spirits for resuming the happy quietude from which you have been so inopportune roused.

The friends of outfitters, taking into consideration the great expense incurred in attempts to set them a-going in the world, and that of this expense but a small portion goes to the comfort of the outfitters themselves, sometimes try to get them pensioned off in small country towns, calculating that, since they must be supported, the cheapest way is to furnish them directly with the necessities of life. But this plan rarely succeeds. The true outfitter will not be content with mere sustenance. He must be fitted out with the means of providing sustenance for himself. He must be in business on his own account. All he desires from his friends is the capital necessary for carrying on such a business. Seeing that his craze takes this form, would it not be advisable to provide asylums for outfitters, where their imbecility could be treated systematically according to its specific character? In a large institution it might be possible to gratify them with mock occupations and professions, so that they might suppose themselves their own masters, and in the way of providing for themselves, while in reality their friends were not adventuring one penny upon their heads, or incurring any expense beyond the bare fee for their board and treatment. We remember a poor old woman in the country, who had all her life been accustomed to amuse herself by knitting stockings, and when she at length became imbecile through old age, she continued to work still, with only this important difference, that she could not attend to the angularity required at the heel, but would have wrought on at one endless tube of worsted, till the coil became unmanageable. To gratify the impulse of habit in this aged creature, her friends allowed her to work as hard as ever, but only undid at night as much as she had done during the day, so that one small quantity of thread sufficed to furnish her with the requisite amusement. On a similar principle, outfitters might be provided with business. In a community by themselves, they might keep imaginary shops, build houses of cards, feel suppositional pulses, and carry on ideal law-plots. One man would be seen carting away a great deal of nothing, and another settling himself on a piece of land which, in the space of four square yards, would seem to him a section in the Illinois. By means of a good penny post-office, mercantile geniuses could carry on a foreign correspondence with "houses" on the opposite side of the way; while, in paper caps, and with a few rags flying on poles, a considerable number might have all the satisfaction that was to be derived from an outfit for the service of the Queen of Spain. In the management of the concern, there would be agreeable employment for some wits heretofore not to be satisfied without situations of trust, which they regularly kept half a year each, with a loss to their securities of from five to fifteen hundred pounds at the conclusion. In every point of view the advantages would be great to all parties, for, while the patients would be secure of a regular, though perhaps moderate kind of subsistence, their friends would not only save much money, but be assured that the little which they now disbursed went farther in providing for their unfortunate relatives than any former-and larger sums.

EPISTAPHS.

To distinguish the last resting-place of a great man, or of a friend, by a monument and an epitaph, is the result of a natural, and, upon the whole, amiable disposition in man. It is a practice of great antiquity in almost all nations, and one which may be expected to perish only with human nature itself. Epitaphs, though placed over the dead, and often proceeding as from them, being in reality the composition of the living, have never been any thing else than an expression of the feelings of living men. Coming from living minds, and addressed to living minds, they present humanity in all its phases—its inferior passions, and its highest aspirations, its vanity, its tender affections, and even, strange to say, its mirth. Not one word of the secret, which, if the dead could really speak, they could scarcely fail to tell. Not one returned letter from that distant colony to which we are daily sending so many settlers, and in which the whole population of the home country is ultimately to merge.

The original purpose of epitaphs appears to have been commemoration. The survivors wished to point out to posterity, or to all who felt an interest in the matter, the whereabouts of the deceased. In the days of classical antiquity, it gradually became customary to add some allusion to death, then considered as an eternal sleep, and to admonish the living, in the spirit of the existing philosophy, to make the best use of

the years which remained to them—that is to say, to enjoy them as much as possible. To keep life free from the taste of death, men did not then dwell upon the more painful associations of mortality—skulls and cross-bones, and the corruption of charnel-houses. The emblems which they placed upon their monuments were such as the most fastidious taste would delight to regard—Love drooping over an inverted torch, the flame of which was extinguishing itself, a butterly presented to the gods, or a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus. That the earth might lie light upon the deceased, was the usual expression of the tenderness of the surviving. In the middle ages, Christian feelings naturally found their way into sepulchral inscriptions; the intervention of Jesus and of Mary, and the prayers of the passing stranger, were bequeathed in behalf of the deceased. "Orate pro anima, miserimi peccatorum" (pray for me, a most miserable sinner) was an address," remarks Dr Johnson, "to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness." After the Reformation in our own country, and especially during the seventh century, religious admonition became a more conspicuous purpose in epitaphs, and has ever since continued to be so in a greater or less degree.

There is kind of epitaph in which laconicism is studied as the best mode of panegyric. Of this sort, antiquity presents many specimens, as "Cesar Daicus," "Cesar Illyricus;" simple phrases, containing the names of the countries in which the heroes had won their chief laurels, and therefore supposed to tell all that was required. In such cases, it was necessary to observe some caution, lest, the fame of the person being perishable, the epitaph should ere long become an unmeaning tale, or a subject of ridicule. There was an individual named Picus Mirandola, whose friends thought so highly of him, as to content themselves with stating his name, and mentioning that the rest was known to the Tagus and the Ganges, perhaps even to the Antipodes; whereas he is not now known anywhere, for any thing but his epitaph. "Exit Burbage," the epitaph of the earliest English tragedian of note, can scarcely be considered as of this kind, being too much of a conceit. But no one can dispute the emphatic and deserved tenderness of "O rare Ben Jonson," which appears on a small stone in the pavement of Westminster Abbey. If the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren, in St Paul's, had been confined to "Si monumentum quereris, circumspice" (if you seek his monument, look around on this building), it might have been reckoned in this class; but, unfortunately, it is only the last line of a long dull inscription. An epitaph suggested by Johnson, "Isaacus Newtonus, naturae legibus investigatis, hic quiescit," (Sir Isaac Newton, the laws of nature having been investigated, repose here), would have been a happy example of laconic sublimity. There is a minor department of concise epitaphs which depend for their effect upon the expression of an elevating passion. Melrose Abbey presents a fine specimen in "HEIR LYES YE RACE OF YE HOUS OF YAIR"—the reliance upon birth and local celebrity being here seen to have deemed every thing else unnecessary. A like noble sentiment we may perceive in the wish of Lord Brook, that his epitaph should simply describe him as having been "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and the friend of Sir Philip Sydney."

In some epitaphs, the ruling object has been to convey a pithy idea, or some piece of proverbial or emphatic wisdom. Of this class are two Greek epitaphs, the subjects of which were slaves, but of a very extraordinary character. "Zosima, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty." "It is impossible," says Johnson, "to read this epitaph without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, 'The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.'" The other is upon Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher—"Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, but the favourite of heaven." "In this inscription," remarks the same writer, "is comprised the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of heaven amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery. And we may likewise be admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of heaven."

Mr Charles Lamb, in one of his essays, condemns the whole order of admiring epitaphs. He cannot endure, he says, to be taken by the beard by every dead man, who, perhaps, in life, was no better than himself. Lamb forgets that the admonition does not come from the dead, but is only a living breath that has passed over mortality, and endeavoured to catch its spirit. The presence of the dead can never but afford a proper occasion for impressing moral and religious truth, for weaning the thoughts from the present world, and directing them to a better. If sermons are to be found in any stones, they will surely be found in grave-stones, which tell of human life cut short at

every period, of all orders of men obeying the call to depart, and of every kind of sorrow endured in consequence of the relentless exercise of the power of death. It is true that many of the homilies thus preached are rude in manner, and most trite and commonplace in sentiment. Yet such are not all. What, for instance, could be more striking than the following old quaint lines in St Martin's churchyard, Stamford?

Earth walks upon earth, glittering like gold,
Earth goes to earth sooner than it would;
Earth builds upon earth, castles and towers;
Says the earth to the earth "all shall be ours."

Or the following:—

Look, man, before thee, how thy death hasteth,
Look, man, behind thee, how thy life wasteth;
Look thy right side, how death therethrestr,
Look thy left side, how sin ther beguileth;
Look, man, above thee, joys that ever shall last,
Look, man, beneath thee, the pains without rest.

Or the following more elegant verses, from the grave of Alderman Humble, in St Saviour's, Southwark, who died in 1616:—

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas h'd.
Even is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

In a monument, of date 1459, in Hungerford chapel, the young and gay are called upon to remember their end in the following lines, inscribed above the figure of a skeleton:—

Gratious galant, in all thy lustre and prye,
Remember that thou shalt gyve due.
Death shold fyn thy body the soule deuyde,
Thou mayst not him escape certaynye.
To the dede bodies cast down thyne eye,
Behold thyng well, conside, and see;
For such as they ar, such shal yow be.

The indiscrimination of death in choosing out the happy, and leaving the wretched, is thus beautifully adverted to on the same monument:—

Alasse, death, alasse! a blessed thing you were,
Yf thou woldyst spare us in our lustynesse,
And cum to wretches that be sor of hevy chere,
When ye clepe^{to} to slake ther distresse;
But owt, alasse, thyne own selfe selfwyndesse
Creweyl werneth the pyt, saygh, wayle, and wepe,
To close ther yen that after yo deth clepe.

The admitory are, as might be expected, a numerous class; but it may be sufficient to add one which is inscribed over the grave of John Alleyne, B.D., rector of Loughborough, who died in 1739, and of his wife and son. The elegance of this epitaph places it among the first compositions of the kind in existence:—

Vain to the dead are tears, and vain is praise,
And vain each fond memoral we can raise:
So on the pyre Arabia's incense thrown,
Glads with its sweets the living sense alone.
The friends we mourn with sacred love were fraught,
And truths divine with Christian zeal they taught.
Still may they teach, still from the grave impart,
Such truths as melt the eye, and mend the heart.
Oh! from the tomb may holy musings rise,
And life's poor trifles, as they read, grow wise;
For friendship poureth not the plaintive strain,
Nor builds the hallowed monuments in vain,
If the sad marble bids the living pause,
And vice one moment to reflection draws.

The epitaphs traced by sorrowing affection are also numerous. On children there are some of exquisite beauty, as the following, upon the monument of Frances Soame, aged five months, in Thurloe churchyard, Suffolk:—

The cup of life just with her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest;
Averse then turning from the face of day,
She softly sighed her little soul away.

And the following:—

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did sleep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

The two following are quaint, but gentle, as becomes the subject, and very beautiful:—

The raiding world, turnod poet, made a play,
I came to see it, disliked, and went away.
As careful nurses to their beds do lay
Their children, which too long would wanton play;
So, to prevent all my ensuing crimes,
Nature, my nurse, laid me to bed betimes.

The grief for the infantine is seldom of a deep character. To part with those who have scarcely yet acquired, as it were, a title to life, is comparatively easy. But as the young advanced in years, and become more and more a part of ourselves, their loss ceases to be a gentle grief, and amounts to an affliction—an affliction for which there can be no consolation but the hope of speedily rejoicing the departed on the further shores of time. All this is touchingly expressed in an epitaph from a country churchyard in Ireland:—

A little spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was ever dear.
Oh! he was more than life or light,
He thought by day—his dream by night;
The chill-winds came; the young flower failed
And died: the grave his softness shaded,
Fair boy! thou shouldest have wept for me,
Not I have had to mourn o'er thee;

*-end.

Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

Which, however, in point of tenderness and elevated moral feeling, cannot be compared with another, in which the mourner was of the opposite sex, and which is also from a country churchyard:—

A tie to earth with thee, dear youth, is gone;
A tie to heaven with thee, dear youth, is flown.
Oh! as a father lifts his streaming eyes,
And views thy home, the bright empyreal skies,
May fond reflection on his William's bliss,
Allure to brighter worlds, and wean from this.
To reach thy raptures be it all his care,
And all his pride to suffer and to bear.

A sepulchral inscription written by Ben Jonson for a young theatrical prodigy, and chorister in Queen Elizabeth's chapel, has much feeling:—

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed—
Death's self is sorry.
Twas a child that did so thrive
In age and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive,
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen,
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet these full sodales had been
The stage's jewel.
And did act what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth the Parson thought him one,
He plaid so truly.
So by error, to his fate,
They all consented
But, viewing him since, alas too late,
They have repented;
And have sought to give new birth
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

The grave of youth becomes peculiarly interesting when it also entombs feminine beauty; and this has been deeply felt by the poets. Jonson has hit off the subject in four singularly expressive, but by no means affecting lines, which are well known:—

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much beauty as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.

It has also been touched in half the space in Harrow churchyard, but with an equal defect of pathos:—

Sleep on, thou fair, and wait th' Almighty will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

Much more justice is done to the occasion in an epitaph on a lady of twenty-two, who died in 1795, and whose monument is in Downton churchyard, Shropshire:—

Here mouldering in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies;
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quenched the radiance of her sparkling eyes.
A prey to lingering malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom;
Her virtues, Misery, oft-relied, may tell;
The rest let silent Charity entomb;
Nor suffice busy unrelenting zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue,
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And Malice reverence what it never knew.
But should the Justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults, with judgment too severe,
Let mild-eyed Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

We have seen an inscription for twin sisters, which has much of the same merit:—

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie,
Whose life employed each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to o'er eye;
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

In the churchyard of Peebles, there was formerly to be read the following beautiful little monody on the death of Helen Muir, a young lady of great beauty, who died at the age of fifteen, about the end of the seventeenth century.

Beneath this stone in ground the seed is sown,
Of such a flower, though fallen, are fully grown,
As will, when that the saints first spring on high,
Be sweet and pure as the celestial sky;
Whose looks persuaded more than others' speech,
And more by words than deeds she loved to teach;
Hence young she from the sinful living fled,
For safety here among the sinless dead.

Of another young lady, her panegyrist says that her beauty, dignity, and sweetness, were "exotic, of heavenly extraction, and could not live long here."

Not less tenderness has been displayed by husbands in commemorating their partners, as witness the imitable sonnet of Mason.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave,
And died: does youth, does beauty need the lime?
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
Speak, dear Maria, breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship and as fond in love;

Tell, though it is an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee), yet, the dread path once tread,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

And the scarcely less elegant lines of another man of genius, Dr. Hawkesworth, whose wife died about the same time at the same place:

Who'er, like me, with hoding anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Who'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,
Shall pour these salutary streams in vain;
Condemned, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the flushing cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damp of death,
And watch with dumb despair each shortening breath;
If chance direct him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordained to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose beauty warmed me, and whose virtue blessed;
Formed every tie that binds the soul to prove,
Her due friendship, and that friendship love.
But yet, remembering that the parting sigh
Ordained the just to slumber—not to die;
The falling tear I checked, I kissed the rod,
And not to earth resigned her—but to God.

The monument erected by Lord Lyttleton in Hagger church, over the remains of his wife Lucy, whose death he deplored with such celebrated grief, consists of an urn of white marble, on the front of which is carved in relief a female face in profile, and the word "Lucia;" while upon the pedestal Hymen rests with his torch extinct, and his eyes suffused in tears;—enough to tell the tale in all time coming to all who are conversant with English literature. In the church of the Temple, there is an epitaph by a gentleman of the same name upon his wife, who died in 1623, and which breathes the warmest spirit of admiration for the virtues of the deceased—ending with a conceit which appears new in funeral literature—

Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet.

We shall conclude for the present with an epitaph on a happy pair, which affords an excellent hint for the conduct of married persons:—

They were so one, that none could say
Which of them ruled, or whether did obey.
He ruled, because she would obey; and she,
In so obeying, ruled as well as he.

SCENES AT SEA.

THE PIRATE—THE SHARK.

On a beautiful Sunday evening, after prayers had been said on board the Hector, a merchant vessel bound for Jamaica, the crew and passengers continued to lounge upon deck, in order apparently to enjoy the tranquillity, if not the beauty of the scene, which harmonised remarkably well with the character of the day. We were now amongst the Lesser Antilles, and both for this reason, and the fact that slaves and pirates were then very numerous in the Caribbean Sea, we were obliged always to keep a sharp look-out, more especially at sun-down. To take a minute survey of the horizon was the regular practice of the captain before the expiry of the short twilight; but on this occasion, not a speck of any description whatever was visible. With the daylight the wind also died completely away; but, in case of sudden squalls during the night, our studding, and a great part of the other sails, were clewed up, and all "made snug aloft," to use the technical phrase. It might be about two hours after sunset, but the greater portion of the passengers were still on deck, amused by the efforts of some of the crew to catch a number of those heavy, sluggish birds, appropriately termed *boobies*, which had settled on different parts of the rigging, and were there snoozing without the slightest apprehension of danger. One of the men had for this purpose crawled forward, almost to the extremity of the yard-arm, and was in the very act of putting his hand upon a slumbering captive, when we saw him suddenly look up, shade his eyes with his hand for a moment, then heard him exclaim in a loud voice, "A sail on the starboard quarter!"

"Impossible!" responded the mate, whose watch it was.

"It's true, howsoever, sir," said the man, after another long and steady look, "though I cannot guess what she is, unless the Flying Dutchman!" and he began to descend the rigging with evident symptoms of trepidation, leaving the *booby* in undisturbed enjoyment of his nap.

All now crowded to the side of the vessel, and true it was that in a few minutes we could perceive, between us and the sky, the tall spar of a vessel, which by the night-glass was made out to be a schooner. She was at about half a mile's distance from us, and by the way in which her royals were set, appeared to be standing right across our fore-foot. The circumstance seemed absolutely incredible. Scarcely one puff of wind had lifted our sails since long before sunset, and by the log it was seen that we could not have been advancing above half a knot an hour. Yet there lay the strange vessel, come whence or how she may. Not a whisper was heard amongst us. Our captain, standing in the *weebit*, in order to bring the strange vessel more clearly betwixt him and the sky, remained silent, gazing anxiously through his night-glass. At last he ob-

served—"She is getting on another course, and must only have now made us out. But it is as well to be prepared—she looks suspicious. Let the guns be shotted, Mr Clarke, and call up all hands to quarters. Bring her head up to the wind (to the helmsman): we'll soon see whether they really want to speak us or not."

These orders, which were not a little appalling to most of us passengers, seemed to diffuse the most unqualified satisfaction amongst the crew. A cheerful and lively bustle prevailed fore and aft; for it must be remembered that merchantmen in those days were necessitated to be as well prepared for the battle as for the breeze. The ports were thrown open, and the caronades (then recently introduced) run out; and the men stood in expectation, or at least in evident hopes, of an approaching conflict. The suspicious-looking vessel, however, seemed to have no hostile purpose in view; she disappeared in the gloom of the night as mysteriously as she had approached us, and the respective fears and hopes of those on board the Hector were alike disappointed. But the captain appeared far from satisfied; he paced along the deck, silent and thoughtful; and although the men were ordered down to their hammocks, he himself remained on deck, and with five or six of the most vigilant of the crew kept a continual look-out towards all points of the compass.

And the result proved the prudence of this watchfulness. In less than an hour the cry was heard—"A sail on the larboard bow!" and all eyes were immediately directed to that quarter. It was at once made out that the vessel was a schooner, and from some peculiarity in her rigging the captain pronounced her to be the same we had before seen. Strange to tell, she appeared to be bearing right down upon our quarter, although no alteration in the weather had occurred with us! Her royals, as before, seemed filled, and her course was altogether too direct and steady to allow us to suppose that she was worked by means of *sweeps*. But her hostile purpose could no longer be mistaken, and there was an immediate piping-up amongst the crew. Several of the passengers also magnanimously prepared to assist in defence of the vessel, and a suitable supply of muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition, was handed up from the hold. While this last operation was going on, the schooner had approached within a few cable-lengths of us, when she suddenly bore up. As she was within hailing distance, our captain bawled out through his trumpet, demanding to know her name and where she was from? A confused and unintelligible jabbering, but which from the sound seemed to be in a barbarous Portuguese idiom, was the only response. A second and a third time she was hailed with the same result. While this colloquy was going on, by the dexterous management of her sails, she (to use the nautical phrase) *walked* round our stern, although no increase of wind was perceptible by our own canvass. As she again came round upon our starboard quarter, our captain ordered one of the stern guns to be fired across her bows; but no notice was taken of the salute, and our mysterious visitant at length bore away from us, and was speedily lost sight of. There was no doubt as to her being one of the noted piratical vessels which carried on this nefarious traffic between the Spanish main and those islands, chiefly Cuba and St Domingo, where they had their haunts. They were built expressly for the purpose, with low hulls and immensely long spars, fitted to catch whatever current of wind might be prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which the less elevated sails of other vessels might fail to reach. Some of their hulls, I was also told, were so constructed that, by turning certain screws, the sea could be allowed to rush into their false keels or bottoms, by which their speed was accelerated in an amazing degree. All this to me appeared extraordinary at the time, but I afterwards had practical reasons for knowing the truth of the information.

As may be imagined, we continued on the alert during the night, but heard no more of the strange schooner. Dawn was fast approaching, when our attention was once more aroused by the flash, followed by the report, of a gun right ahead of us. From the loudness of the explosion, as well as the rapidity with which it followed the flash, it was easy to perceive that the vessel could be at no great distance, as well as that she must be a large man-of-war. After a few minutes' interval, another shot boomed along the deep, rapidly succeeded by several others of the same formidable loudness. At length these were replied to by other guns evidently of a less calibre, and proceeding from a different quarter.

"They are at it!—they are at it!" now for the first time shouted our skipper, who had served his time, and held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy; "I'll stake my life, some of our cruisers have taken the pirate in tow! Will she do nothing?—(to the man at the wheel, for we were still completely becalmed)—What would I not give, were it but to have a view of them?"

"She minds the helm no more than if she were a brute beast!" responded the helmsman in a tone and key in happy sympathy with our captain's impatient query, while he kept rocking from foot to foot with the rapidity of a stop-watch main-spring.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed amongst the crew, most of whom were old man-of-war's men. After some time the sound of the large guns entirely ceased, while that of the smaller ones incessantly continued—implying, as was natural

* Mary, the wife of the Rev. W. Mason, died March 27, 1767, aged 28, and is interred in Bristol cathedral.

to suppose, that the latter had silenced the others, and that the crew of the supposed pirate were following up their advantage. At this crisis a deputation of about twenty of our crew came aft, and entreated the captain's permission to hoist out a couple of boats and allow them to pull to the scene of action. But the skipper understood his duty too well to give way to the enthusiasm of his men, although evidently gratified at their disinterested courage.

Morning at length dawned, and the nature of the conflict became distinctly visible, as also that the island of St Domingo was about two leagues to leeward of us. A British frigate lay about a mile ahead of us, with the national flag drooping from the mizen-peak, but without any other rag upon her spars. At about two miles' distance was the identical schooner that had alarmed us so much during the night, her long main-mast being entirely bare excepting her royals, which, however, were now entirely useless, as not a breath of air lifted them. But long sweeps had been put in requisition, and were every moment increasing the distance betwixt her and her assailant. The latter, however, had got out the jolly-boat, which, with a couple of large swivels fixed on her bows, maintained a running fight with the enemy, who might easily have destroyed her, had not the necessity of escape been so imminent. The shot of the gallant little boat's-crew, although obliged to maintain a cautious distance, was evidently telling, as appeared by the shattered rigging of the schooner, which was making desperate exertions to get within influence of the land-breeze.

There has seldom, if ever, been any situation so tantalising as was that of all parties on this exciting occasion. The pursuers could gain nothing on the fugitives; the latter could make but the most ineffectual efforts at escape, and we, the onlookers, were compelled to witness what passed in still more provoking inactivity. Fortune at last seemed to declare in favour of the cause of humanity and justice. *Cats-paws*, the forerunners of the trade-wind, began to creep in from the south-east, lifting the sails (which were now invitingly spread out) of the frigate and our own vessel, while the land-breeze proportionally retired; and shortly the former came on slowly and steadily, bearing us towards our prize—as we now regarded her. When this change of weather became perceptible to the crew of the schooner, a most extraordinary scene took place. In less time than I can take to describe the act, about half a dozen canoes, each capable of carrying not more than three persons, were lowered down from the schooner, and all began to pull towards the shore, although in many different directions; the latter being an expedient to distract any attempt to pursue them.

"Saw ever mortal eyes any thing to match that!" cried our captain, after a long pause of astonishment. "The cowardly villains, that would not stand one broadside for that trim piece of craft! But I'm cheated if they have left her worth the trouble of boarding. Bear off from her—bear off from her!"—he continued to the helmsman—"there's mischief in her yet, I tell you." And his words were fearfully verified almost as soon as spoken. First, a thin blue smoke shot upwards from the hold of the schooner; next moment fierce blood-red fire blazed through between every seam of her hull; the tall mast seemed absolutely to shoot up into the air like an arrow, and an explosion followed so tremendous—so more terribly loud than any thing I had ever listened to, that it seemed as if the ribs of nature herself were rending asunder. Our ship reeled with the shock, and was for a few seconds obstructed in her course, in a manner which I can likeliest only to what takes place in getting over a coral reef. When the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the late schooner was to be seen, excepting a few shattered and blackened planks. But the destruction, unfortunately, did not stop here. It was evident that the explosion had taken place sooner than the pirates themselves had expected. Three of the canoes were swamped by the force of the concussion, and the same thing, if not far worse, had happened to the boat which carried the gallant little band of pursuers, who had incautiously pulled hard for the schooner as soon as she had been abandoned, instigated at once by the love of fame and prize-money. Boats were instantly lowered both from our own ship and the war-frigate in order to save, if possible, the lives of the brave fellows; but the whole had probably been stunned, if not killed, by the explosion, and only two corpses out of the eight were found floating about. At this spectacle, as well as at the destruction of the prize, which was looked upon as a most unfair and unwarrantable proceeding, the fury of the men knew no bounds; and although few of them had arms either offensive or defensive, the whole fleet of boats began to pull after the fugitives with a speed that threatened more accidents than had yet befallen. But the surviving canoes, which skimmed along the ocean like flying-fish, were too speedy for their pursuers; and the latter only succeeded in picking up three captives belonging to the canoes which had sunk, including, as luck would have it, the commander of the late piratical vessel. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained from taking immediate vengeance on the persons of the captive wretches, but they were at length securely lodged on board the frigate, which, as well as ourselves (who were extremely glad of such a consort) stood away for Port-Royal with all sails set, where, on the second day thereafter, we arrived about noon, the frigate there

coming to anchor, while we beat up to Kingston. We afterwards learned that we had escaped the menaced attack of the pirates, by their perceiving, through their night-glasses, the quantity of muskets and other small arms handed up from our hold, as they bore down on us the second time, as before mentioned. In a few days after our arrival, the wretched captives were brought to trial, and hung at the yard-arm.

The glee and satisfaction diffused amongst us at the destruction of the pirate, was damped by a circumstance of a most melancholy nature, which took place almost as soon as we had cast anchor within the palisades. There was amongst the crew a mulatto boy, about sixteen years of age, a native of Kingston, where his only relative, a sister, resided. He had been absent from her for about three years, and in the impatience of his affection he came aft and solicited permission to go ashore, were it but for half an hour; promising faithfully to return within that time. But the captain refused to permit him to leave the ship till next morning. The poor little fellow retired with a full heart and overflowing eyes, and I saw him station himself in a disconsolate manner in the fore-part of the vessel, looking wistfully towards the town. In the meantime, dozens of boats and canoes put off from the wharfs, the former filled with relatives of the passengers, or newsmongers seeking the "latest intelligence" from the mother country; and the latter with negroes, offering their cargoes of fruit and vegetables for sale. I was seemingly the only uninterested individual on deck, and could not help feeling a melancholy sense of desolation, as an entire stranger, and five thousand miles from home, amid the scenes of affectionate greetings between friends and relatives that were passing around. While indulging in this mood, I observed the boy I have spoken of suddenly strip off his cap and jacket, spring over the side, and begin to strike out for the shore. The splash attracted the notice of those on board, and two of the crew, by the captain's orders, jumped into a boat and pulled after him; but their purpose was anticipated by a more deadly pursuer. The poor boy had scarcely got four fathoms from the vessel, when the huge fin of a shark was seen darting after him. A general shout was raised to warn him of his danger, and he wheeled round on his enemy just as the latter made a rush at him. With the most astonishing courage and presence of mind, the little fellow struck out right and left with his clenched fists at the voracious animal, and with effect sufficient to drive it off, when he again began to make for the shore. A second and a third time the attack was made, and repulsed in a similar manner, and all began to hope his escape from the threatened danger, when, just as the boat got within oars-length of him, he disappeared below the surface with a loud shriek, which was responded to by all who witnessed the scene. He rose in the course of a few seconds, and was pulled into the boat, with almost the whole flesh stripped from one of his thighs, and the blood streaming from him in torrents. The sailors pulled instantly for the wharf, but ere the boat reached it, the warm current of life was exhausted; and the poor little fellow was carried to his sister's house a lifeless and mangled corpse.

TOM PATTEN'S EXPLOIT.—About the middle of January, when the Grenadiers, the 28th, were on duty [in Spain], a daring fellow, an Irishman, named Tom Patten, performed a singular feat. At the barrier there was a rivulet, along which our line of sentries was posted. To the right was a thick, low wood, and, during the cessation of hostilities, our officers had again become intimate with those of the French, and the soldiers had actually established a traffic in tobacco and brandy, in the following ingenious manner:—A large stone was placed in that part of the rivulet screened by the wood, opposite to a French sentry, on which our people used to put a canteen with a quarter-dollar, for which it was very soon filled with brandy. One afternoon, about dusk, Patten had put down his canteen with the usual money in it, and retired; but though he returned several times, no canteen was there. He waited till the moon rose, but still he found nothing on the stone. When it was near morning, Tom thought he saw the same sentry there who was there when he put his canteen down; so he sprang across the stream, seized the unfortunate Frenchman, wrested his firelock from him, and actually shaking him out of his accoutrements, recrossed, vowing he would keep them until he got his canteen of brandy, and brought them to the piquet-house. Two or three hours afterwards, just as we were about to fall in, an hour before day-break, the sergeant came to say that a flag of truce was at the barrier. I instantly went down, when I found the officer of the French pique in a state of great alarm, saying that a most extraordinary circumstance had occurred (relating the adventure), and stating, that if the sentry's arms and accoutrements were not given back, his own commission would be forfeited, as well as the life of the poor sentry. A sergeant was instantly sent to see if they were in the piquet-house, when Patten came up scratching his head, saying, "He had them in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter-dollar," and told us the story in his way, whereupon the things were immediately given over to the French captain, who, stepping behind, put two five-franc pieces into Patten's hand. Tom, however, was not to be bribed by an enemy; but generously handed the money to his officer, requesting that he would insist on the French captain tak-

ing the money back. The Frenchman was delighted to get the firelock and accoutrements back; and the joy of the poor fellow who was stripped of them may be conceived, as, if it had been reported, he would certainly have been shot by sentence of court-martial in less than forty-eight hours. Patten, however, was confined, and reported to Sir Rowland, and in a few days after he was tried, and sentenced by a court-martial to receive three hundred lashes. The British regiments of the division were collected at the alarm-post, when Tom was brought out, and his sentence read, and Sir Rowland in an excellent speech addressed the man and regiments assembled, on the unprecedented crime of which he had been guilty, justly observing, that the consequences of his imprudence might have cost the lives of thousands; but the general, being informed of his gallantry on many occasions from the passage of the Douro, and Talavera, was pleased to remit the sentence, to the great delight of every one present. Paddy on his return to his quarters got three cheers from the company for his good fortune.—*Caddell's Campaigns of the Twenty-Eighth Regiment.*

THE FORMING OF COLONIES.

COLONIES have hitherto been formed without the least regard to plan or principle. First, there is a random emigration; then there is a sale of vast tracts of land at nominal prices to persons who want the means of bringing them into cultivation. As almost every man can make himself a landlord, and is ambitious of doing so, it becomes nearly impossible for any to obtain labourers or other hired assistants. Each has to do every thing for himself, and, though possessing hundreds of acres, has no use for above two or three, being all that he and his family can cultivate. Thus, during the first ages of a colony, it presents only a scattered population of small farmers, each living principally upon what he can raise or catch for himself, and of little service to his neighbours. With perhaps considerable wealth, there is little money; with abundance of the grosser necessities of life, there are scarcely any of the more refined; the innumerable, but scarcely describable enjoyments which arise in old countries from a dense society, in which almost every man performs some peculiar duty towards the rest, are wanting. Often there are even greater evils than these; but these obtain and have obtained in every colony as yet established by the British nation.

"The work of colonising a desert bears a curious resemblance to that of transplanting full-grown trees. In neither case is it the ultimate object merely to remove; in both cases it is to establish; and as, in the former case, the immediate object is to remove, not a mere trunk, but an entire tree, so, in the latter case, the immediate object is to remove, not people merely, but society. In both cases equally, success depends upon attention to details. The planters of modern colonies have generally gone to work without much attention to details; as if society might be established in a desert without regard to the numerous and minute circumstances on which society depends. Many a modern colony has perished through the inattention of its founders to little matters which it was supposed would take care of themselves. Of those modern colonies which have not perished, many suffered in the beginning the greatest privations and hardships; while, in the least unfavourable cases, it has been as if a full-grown oak, carelessly removed and soon dead, had dropped acorns to become in time full-grown trees."* Among the little matters that it was supposed would take care of themselves, the provision of an adequate supply of labour appears to be the chief. In no colony hitherto established, has any effort been made to secure this indispensable requisite. At the Swan River settlement in Western Australia, Mr Peel had a grant of 500,000 acres, and nearly died of starvation. He was left without the means of making his half million of acres productive. The labourers deserted their masters, tempted by the price or no-price of land, to become proprietors and cultivate for themselves. And to this cause in chief has been ascribed the non-success of that infant colony.

Such being the obvious errors heretofore committed in the business of colonisation, we cannot, without some degree of interest, contemplate an enterprise of that kind, in which an attempt has been made to proceed upon correct principles. Such is the enterprise at present in the course of being carried into effect for settling the province of South Australia. Before entering upon any account of this project, we have to inform our readers that we undertake no responsibility on account of it. At present nothing is known respecting it, but through the individuals concerned; and it will be time enough for others to recommend it, when it shall have proved at least in part successful. Our object is to make the scheme known, and to awaken an interest in its results. He who contemplates emigrating to the province, will satisfy himself, from other sources, of the benefits to be expected from the step.

The country intended to be colonised is a portion of the continent of Australia, extending between the 132d

* The New British Province of South Australia. C. Knight, 1834.

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and 141st degrees of east longitude, and between the Southern Ocean, and the 26th degree of south latitude. New South Wales is closely adjacent to the east, and Van Diemen's Land to the south. The outline of the coast is extremely irregular, being broken by two great gulfs and many minor inlets; and the country, as far as surveyed, is found to consist of a fertile soil, in a great variety of elevations, and only wooded along the shore. The climate has been ascertained from experience to be mild and salubrious. The spontaneous productions of the country are coal, slate, timber, bark, gum, salt, seals, whales, and various classes of land animals. Murray River—the principal river as yet discovered—falls into a large sea lake called Lake Alexandria: it is described as a noble stream proceeding from the eastern parts of the continent, and traversing a valley of the greatest fertility. Port Lincoln, situated within Spencer's Gulf, is the point intended for the first settlers on their arrival.

The colonisation of South Australia, originally projected in 1831, was provided for by an act passed in 1834, with the full sanction of the government. By this enactment South Australia becomes a crown colony under a governor and legislative council, till the population shall amount to 50,000, when it to have a local constitution. Ten commissioners are appointed to carry the act into effect. The most remarkable feature in the act was a provision for equalising the supply of capital and labour. It was ordained that the commissioners should not sell the land under twelve shillings per acre, and that the proceeds should form a fund solely for the purpose of carrying out free labourers to the colony. According to the South Australian Gazette, of which the first number has been published in London, with the intention that the second shall appear in some city of the wilderness yet to be established, "the guarantees which South Australia offers for a permanent and duly regulated supply of labour are manifold. In the first place, no person without a capital sufficient to purchase land, or to rent land from a proprietor, which implies the means of cultivating it, can become a landowner, or a possessor of land. When a labourer, therefore, deserts one master, he must of necessity engage in the same capacity with another, for, until by his labour he has acquired a sum large enough to purchase land for himself, he cannot rise above his degree, or become a cultivator of land, or a workman on his own account. The inducement, therefore, which prevailed at the Swan River for a labourer to desert his master, does not exist in South Australia. In the new colony a workman will only be able, in the first instance, to transfer his labour from one master to another, according as he may be fairly induced to do so by a higher rate of wages; and not, even then, until after the due fulfilment of whatever agreement may exist between him and the master whose service he desires to leave. Besides, it will be the especial business of an officer (the emigration agent), appointed for the purpose of attending to the interests of the labouring emigrants, to obtain such information in the colony as will enable him to give an accurate estimate of the supply of labour required, and to see that it be obtained from the mother country. He will have to preserve the supply when obtained, and so to regulate it, that, while every capitalist has as many labourers as his means will employ, every labouring emigrant may have constant employment and sufficient wages while he remains a labourer, and a fair prospect of becoming, in due time, by industry and economy, the employer of labourers himself."

To these ends the emigration agent will have to keep a register of all emigrants to whom the commissioners may grant a free passage to the colony, and endeavour to procure them engagements and work on their arrival. Applications for labourers will, therefore, have to be made to him: and also application for work when a labourer is unable otherwise to procure it.

But the more important branch of his duty will be to preserve in the colony the labour when obtained. It will be a maxim to impose no restrictions on the labourers but such as are absolutely necessary; and if a labourer, upon landing in South Australia, should find employment precarious, his comforts neglected, or the chance of bettering himself and his family very small or very distant, no restraint will be placed upon his wish to seek elsewhere brighter and more encouraging prospects. *Inducements* and not *compulsion* must be employed to keep him in the colony. In addition, therefore, to a careful regulation of the supply of labour to the demand, that there may be employment and wages, there must also be a steady effort to show him that his welfare is considered and attended to. He must be convinced, by the treatment he receives, that the object of the commissioners is not merely to send poor people to a distant country, but that their intentions are only partially accomplished unless the people be contented and happy. The emigration agent will, therefore, have instructions to receive the labouring emigrants upon their arrival, and to inquire into their treatment during the voyage. He will have to provide shelter for them and their baggage; he will assist them in procuring employment according to their different trades and occupation, and will provide them with employment in the government works, until they have had sufficient time to find masters and enter into engagements.

A proper administration of the duties of this office will go far towards the success of the colony. Let a

real interest be shown and felt for the well-being of the working classes, and they will speedily appreciate it. If satisfied that all is done that can be done for their comfort by those to whom they look for advice and assistance, they will be induced patiently to wait for the prosperity and success that they cannot fail to follow, and in which they will be sure to participate."

In connection with the official proceedings for the establishment of the colony, there was formed a joint stock association, under the title of the South Australian Company, with a paid-up capital of twenty thousand pounds, for the purpose of purchasing and cultivating portions of land, and carrying on various mercantile operations. In spring 1836, this company dispatched four vessels, containing, besides their own officers, a hundred and twenty-six emigrants, together with all fitting stores. Two other vessels, carrying nearly as many emigrants, who act on their own account, have sailed; and the total number of emigrants for the first season is expected to be nearly nine hundred. On the 1st of March 1836, the price of land was raised to twenty shillings per acre, and, in the event of any tendency to dispersion appearing among the colonists, the commissioners were empowered to raise this price to any sum not exceeding two pounds. The class of persons to whose conveyance this fund is to be devoted, are agricultural labourers, artizans, domestic servants, sailors, and fishermen, and in general all persons intending to work for wages, with their wives and children, the only stipulation being that they possess a good character, and are not above thirty years of age. On their arrival in the colony, they are at perfect liberty to work for any one willing to employ them, unless hired before they go out. One admirable feature of the scheme is the total exclusion of convict labourers. Some provision is made for conducting the services of religion and furnishing education. Among other stores sent out in the first vessels was a ready-made church, which will be erected immediately on its arrival in the colony.

Such appear to be the principal features of the scheme for establishing a new province on the Australian continent. Regarding it as an experiment of a novel and very important kind, we shall look with much anxiety for intelligence respecting the first actual proceedings, which may be expected before the end of the year 1837.

DUNDEE.

The wonderful increase exhibited of late years in every department of the national industry has nowhere told with greater force than in Dundee—a large town, as the Gazetteers describe it, situated on the north bank of the Firth of Tay, in the county of Forfar, at the distance of forty-two miles from Edinburgh. Dundee is the principal seat of the linen manufacture in Britain. It was, ninety years ago, a burgh of only five thousand inhabitants; it now adds nearly as many annually to its population, and boasts of about sixty thousand in all. Within the memory of persons yet living, its harbour was a crooked wall, often enclosing but a few fishing or smuggling craft—the tonnage connected with the port in 1731, was only 2309: it has now a series of docks which cost two hundred thousand pounds, and the tonnage in 1832, was 32,860. In 1745, the flax imported was 74 tons; in 1829, 14,183 tons. Even within a comparatively brief space, the increment of every summation connected with Dundee is such as to excite astonishment. In 1811, the number of spinning-mills driven by steam was only four; in 1832, upwards of thirty; now above forty, while three or four more are in the course of being erected. Between 1816 and 1830, the harbour dues had advanced from £4,096, to £10,802. The increase of population between 1821 and 1831 was fifty per cent.

The situation of Dundee as it sheltered as might be supposed compatible with its maritime character. The Firth of Tay here forms a bay, at the distance of twelve miles from the open sea, and the town rises along a gentle slope, towards a picturesque eminence denominated Dundee Law, where justice was probably dispensed at an early period. The town appears to have originated from various religious buildings, erected in the twelfth century. It was of so much consequence during the usurpation of Edward I., as to be the seat of an English garrison. Wallace, who is said to have been educated at the school of Dundee, first distinguished himself by killing the son of the English governor of the town. It was twice taken and retaken by the contending parties of that time, and on each occasion suffered severely. It was, nevertheless, for some ages conspicuous among those principal Scottish towns which gave security for the fulfilment of national treaties and the payment of royal ransoms. It was one of the first places in Scotland where the Protestant doctrines were preached, and became so distinguished, in consequence, for religious zeal, as to obtain the appellation of a *Second Geneva*. A gate is still shown, where, in a time of pestilence in 1544, George Wishart, the martyr, preached a sermon from Psalm cxi. 20, "The Lord sent his word to heal them." On this occasion, the preacher stood on the top of the wall above the gate, while the infected, who had been expelled from the town for the safety of the rest, lay on their pallets without the walls, and the uninstructed occupied the street within. After the overthrow of the Scottish army at Worcester, when General Monk was deputed to reduce the remainder of Scot-

land to subjection to the English commonwealth, a great number of nobles, gentry, and ministers, took refuge with their most valuable effects in Dundee, as the strongest place which continued exempt from the dominion of the English. The town was accordingly stormed by Monk, and, after a desperate resistance, taken. To strike terror into other places, according to the policy exemplified by Cromwell himself at Drogheda, Monk allowed his soldiers to massacre a great number of the inhabitants, and stuck the head of the governor Lumden upon a pike on the summit of the church-tower. Sixty of the vessels found in the harbour were laden with the rich spoil of the refugee and inhabitants, but sank on the bar of the river, within sight of both owners and captors. At Alyth, seventeen miles distant, Monk soon after surprised and broke up the Committee of Estates, in which the shadow of a native government had been kept up: on this occasion, it is said that General Lesly, who had, in the earlier years of the civil war, struck terror into the English royalists, was found ingloriously concealed in an *aumery* or wooden press. It may be mentioned, as a curious memorial of the recency of warlike times in our now tranquil country, that a son of the individual yet lives (1836) who, in 1745, was detached from the Highland army at Perth, to take Dundee, and put it under contribution. The individual alluded to was the young chief of Clanranald: he is said to have found his task by no means either difficult or dangerous. Since that period, the history of Dundee refers only to the peaceful triumphs of industry.

The town, as it now exists, has a substantial and handsome appearance, though almost constantly involved in the smoke of its numerous factories. In the centre is a well-built place, of oblong figure, denominated the High Street, having the Town-House on one side, and the Trades-Hall as one of the extremities, while other streets, old and new, branch off in all directions. In 1834, a new street, of very elegant proportions and architecture, named Reform Street, was opened towards the north, from a point directly opposite the Town-House. The view at the northern extremity of this street is closed by a new building entitled the Seminaries, which was reared in 1833-4, at an expense of about ten thousand pounds, for the accommodation of the grammar-school of the burgh, and an academy of comparatively recent origin, in which the classical and modern foreign tongues, and other branches of education, are taught under corporation patronage. A large portion of the funds employed in rearing this structure was supplied by the corporation, the remainder by private beneficence; though it is difficult to see upon what rational principle either public or private bounty could be thus employed in aiding the education of the affluent classes, who never are in any danger of being balked in that important object, while so much remains to be done towards securing the education of the poor, who have real difficulties in obtaining this blessing—difficulties of a very different kind from the want of sufficiently elegant school-rooms. It is not too much to say that the money thus expended in accommodating a hundred and fifty of the children of the wealthy, might, if judiciously applied, have furnished school-rooms for two thousand of the children of the poor. In Tay Square, there is another classical and general school, conducted under the auspices of a joint-stock association. It is remarkable, but not surprising, that, while the Seminaries, so expensively lodged, and favoured as they are by the patronage of the corporation, muster only the number of boys stated, no fewer than two hundred and fifty attend the unchartered masters of Tay Square, who occupy an ordinary house of three floors, and trust to their character only for support. The town contains many other schools of inferior note, including three infant schools and a sessional school for poor children. In 1833, there were in all about eighty schools, at which 3700 children received instruction. Several of these were erected in connection with particular mills, the rooms being provided, and the teachers paid, by the masters of the works. The enactment of the factory bill for providing a school in connection with every such work, has not yet been long enough in operation to afford any results worth stating. In the year last stated, the proportion of children attending any kind of school to the population of Dundee was one to sixteen, or less than one half of what it ought to be. It is needless to point out that many or most of those who are at school, receive no instruction beyond the ordinary technicalities which our ancestors used to call education, the reading of English, writing, and perhaps arithmetic.

To the westward of the High Street stands the principal ecclesiastical edifice of Dundee, comprehending four places of worship, old and new, and a massive and imposing tower, one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, and of great antiquity. It is related of the original church which stood here, that it was built by David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William the Lion, and the hero of the fictitious tale of "the Talisman." David accompanied Richard of England on the third crusade in 1190, and on his return met with many perilous adventures, terminating with the arrival of his vessel in the Firth of Tay without rudder or tackle. According to Hector Boece, who was a native of Dundee, he vowed that, in the event of his safe landing, he should build a church to the holy virgin; and the church of Dundee was the consequence of his vow. We are forced to hesitate in giving belief to this story, by find-

ing that Major, who wrote before Beece, and is a better authority, mentions the foundation of the abbey of Lindores as the act of piety by which the prince signified his deliverance. Close under the west side of the church tower, is the old market-cross of Dundee, recently removed to this place from the High Street, where it was thought to be an encumbrance; a curious carved pillar, surmounted by an unicorn *sejant*, and holding a coat-armorial in its paws. The stranger observes with a smile, that some officious tradesmen, employed to repair this remnant of antiquity, had supplied the royal beast with a new tail, raised aloft in the rear—not having perceived that the original one still exists, though arranged in a less obtrusive manner. Dundee contains several other places of worship in connection with the established church, besides two chapels of the Scottish Episcopal communion, a large and handsome Catholic chapel, and several meeting-houses for Presbyterian and other dissenters. It is supposed that there are ten thousand natives of Ireland in Dundee, most of whom are Catholics.

In a conspicuous situation near the quay, there is an elegant Grecian building, erected at the cost of nine thousand pounds, as a coffee-room for the perusal of newspapers, and the transaction of various kinds of mercantile business. As is now customary in many other large towns, respectable strangers are allowed to enter this room without ceremony. Another of the objects which usually attract the attention of strangers, is the burial-ground, situated on the northern skirt of the town, of great antiquity, and invested with the extraordinary appellation of "the Howff"—a phrase applied in Scotland to a place of frequent assemblage, but in no other known instance to a place of sepulture. This Necropolis, as it may well be called, contains numberless monuments of all kinds, many very old, and many very elegant; and the extreme neatness of the place is creditable to the taste of the inhabitants. Upon the slope above the town stands Dudhope Castle, originally the seat of the ancient family of Scrymgeour, standard-bearers to the kings of Scotland, and whose last representative was created Earl of Dundee after the restoration. This house subsequently became the property of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee; it latterly was a woollen manufactory, and lastly a barrack. A little way to the east is the dépôt of a railway, constructed in 1826, between Dundee and Newtyle (a distance of eleven miles), and which here penetrates the Law by a tunnel three hundred and forty yards in length. The carriages on this railway are impelled by steam, and convey goods and passengers at rates much below those formerly charged by ordinary means of conveyance. Although the undertaking has been the reverse of profitable, the high prosperity and activity of the citizens, and, it may be added, of the country generally, caused several others of the same kind to be projected in the year 1836; one to connect Dundee with Arbroath and Forfar, another with Perth, and a third, about thirty-four miles long, with Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth.

The various manufactures from flax form the staple of industry in this thriving town. The import of raw flax, chiefly from Russia, Prussia, and Holland, amounted, in 1829, to fourteen thousand tons; of hemp, to one thousand. In spinning this material, as already mentioned, there are employed upwards of forty mills, each consisting of a vast building, in several floors, containing machinery driven by steam, and superintended by about three hundred persons, chiefly young women and boys. The capital required for rearing the flax spinning-mills is at the rate of about £600 for every horse-power, of which six hundred were required, in 1832, by thirty mills; so that, when the number of mills was but three-fourths of its present amount, the value of machinery alone was £360,000. The rapid increase of the numbers of these establishments supplies a ready means of accounting for the rapid increase of the population of Dundee. Three new structures add nearly a thousand of persons directly concerned, besides great numbers of individuals connected with other departments of the manufacture, and multitudes of tradesmen and others who are equally necessary for supplying these with articles of subsistence and with professional service. It is not therefore surprising to learn, that, in a town where three or four mills are in the course of erection, there was scarcely, in 1836, one house of any kind to let, although several streets had been recently erected, or that in the same year, rents made an advance of twenty-five per cent. The labour in the mills appears to be of a light kind, little more in general than superintendence: it is commenced at half past five in the morning, and concludes at seven in the evening, half an hour being allowed for breakfast, and as much for dinner. The wages of flax-dressers is about twelve shillings weekly—girls nine—weavers ten. It was stated to the present writer, that many of the young women can save, out of their weekly gains, about six shillings, to be devoted to dress, of which they are fond, or spent in any other way, according to their own pleasure. The streets, in the summer evenings, are crowded with groups of these girls, bearing the appearance of perfect satisfaction with their circumstances, and conducting themselves, in general, without any offence to the most rigid notions of decorum. It is a serious matter, however, to reflect, that so many human beings thus depend for their subsistence upon resources, which a deviation from prudence in a few

merchants and manufacturers may, in a moment, obstruct or close, so as to produce wide-spread misery. The thread spun at the mills is bleached at establishments for that purpose in the neighbouring vale of the Dighty, and then woven by men, resident in Dundee and the surrounding country, into the various kinds of cloth for which the town is remarkable. These are almost solely of a coarse kind—*osnaburghs*, of which, in 1829, a hundred thousand pieces were exported; *sheetings*, of which a like number was exported in the same year; *baggings* and *swivelcloths*. The total custom-house value of linen goods exported in 1831, was £596,424. Another great branch of industry in Dundee is devoted to iron-foundry and machine-making, for which there are several large establishments.

The shipping business, arising from these and other departments of industry, is necessarily very great. The total of entries and clearances from the port in 1831 was 2921 vessels, of 253,000 tons. The whale fishing is carried on by a company in Dundee, who employ nine ships. There is also a shipping company, which carries on intercourse, by means of numerous vessels, with London, Perth, Leith, and Glasgow. The shipping connection between this town and London is much greater than any which exists with regard to the comparatively neighbouring port of the Scottish capital; and many inhabitants of Dundee visit London, before they find themselves tempted to visit Edinburgh. The communication with the former city was greatly increased in 1834, by the establishment of two steam-vessels, respectively named the Dundee and the Perth, of twelve hundred tons each, and each having engine-power of three hundred horse power; which make frequent voyages between the two ports, carrying passengers as well as goods. These vessels, which are most elegantly fitted up, were acknowledged at the time of their construction to be probably the swiftest in the world. They frequently accomplish the voyage between Blackwall and Dundee pier within forty hours, so that passengers have been known to dine in London on one day, and on the second thereafter to take the same meal in Perth. To the city last named there is frequent communication by steam-vessels, opening up, to tourists, the beauties of the Firth of Tay, which are of no mean character. There is also a ferry passage from Dundee to a point directly opposite at Newport, in Fife, every hour, by means of two boats of what is called the twin construction, and driven by steam. Ninety thousand passengers annually cross the Tay by these vessels.

THE SOLDIERS' MOTHER.

I HAD very often heard of the person who bears the above appellation, and yet, during years of residence in and frequent visits to Paris, it had so chanced that I had never seen her. However, I determined not to go again without making acquaintance with her, and, in October 1829, I accomplished my purpose. I set off for Montmartre with a friend, who was to act as guide and master of the ceremonies, and, leaving our carriage at the *barrière*, we slowly proceeded up the hill.

It was one of those days so frequent in autumn, when gleams of sunshine break through heavy masses of clouds, and cast partial lights over the landscape. Paris and its environs appeared like a vast panorama, and we often turned round to contemplate the scene which we were leaving behind us. At length we silently gained the village. It had no beauty to induce us to linger in it; and, having heard that *La Mère* (the Mother) was often to be seen in the church, we bent our steps thither. A poor decrepit female most officiously besprinkled us with holy water as we entered; but the object of our search was not there, and Monsieur D. left me to examine the interior of the building, while he tried to gain information concerning her residence. The church of Montmartre is not beautiful either in decoration or architecture, but it is interesting from its antiquity, and from a few old relics within, such as a font and two or three mutilated tombs; but its venerable appearance is destroyed by bad paintings and the dirty filth hung about the various altars round the sides of the building. Having procured some directions, my friend returned, and, proceeding through two or three little dirty alleys, we reached a high wall, which so completely concealed the dwelling of *La Mère*, that, had it not been for a small door, we should not have guessed that there was any habitation behind it. There was neither bell nor knocker; tapping seemed in vain: we therefore shook this door with all our force, and our ears were then assailed by the loud outcry of some curs, who would have disputed our entrance. A dirty-looking female admitted us, and, when we asked for *La Mère Ste. Camille*, ushered us in through a low apartment without furniture, inhabited by fowls and ducks, into another of better dimensions. I had, it is true, seen enough of nuns and friars to destroy the romantic notions which we English Protestants often conceive of them; but all I had heard of this extraordinary being led me to expect a fairy rather than a dwarf, and, with feelings heightened by the circumstances of my walk, I had quitted the church with impressions far beyond their natural pitch. It was well for me that the entrance had somewhat checked these, or I might have started when *La Mère* first presented herself. It was not that the idea of her unearthly appearance was destroyed, but I in vain looked for her good deeds in her exterior. A little being stood before me not more

than four feet and a half high. Her black gown was made with the wide sleeves and skirt always worn by nuns; her bib and head-cloth were white as snow; a large black veil was thrown over her head and shoulders; a rosary was attached to her girdle; and a large cross was suspended from her neck. A pair of huge feet, in thick and coarse shoes, peeped from beneath her robe; her hands were small and shrivelled; but her face—, I have reserved that till the last, despairing to convey an adequate notion of its expression. Her features were aquiline, and had been handsome; the loss of her teeth had brought her nose and chin, sharpened by age, too near together to preserve their original beauty, but her eyes were beyond the power of words to describe. Surrounded by wrinkles, they yet preserved all the fire of youth; they were black, and seemed to penetrate into every secret feeling. They were occasionally raised to heaven with fervour, but when she was speaking of her adventures, they were in incessant motion.

Accustomed to see a multitude of people, all of whom she cannot recollect, it is very easy to pass for an old acquaintance with *La Mère des Soldats*, and as such my friend introduced himself. As such did she receive him, and welcome us both to her dwelling. We sat down and conversed some little time, during which I had an opportunity of surveying the apartment. A large *pouf-fou* stood among the wood-ashes in the ample chimney; a small bed at one corner, with yellowish-white curtains, was destined to receive not only its owner, but a huge cat, which evidently preferred diurnal possession. A table, a few old chairs, a chest of drawers, a sort of secretaire, and a basket for each of the dogs, completed the furniture.

After talking over the number of her patients, and some minor troubles which had lately befallen her, she asked us to inspect the chamber prepared by herself, for those workmen who are wounded in the quarries close by her residence. There was no occupant at the time I speak of, but the three beds which the chamber contained, were all ready to receive their patients at a moment's notice, and were models of neatness and cleanliness. The room was hung round with prints illustrating the lives of the saints, and, railed off from the rest, was a small altar, decorated with the usual accompaniments of tinsel, flowers, and candlesticks. Here we joined with her in certain devotional exercises.

We returned to her own room, and then begged her to relate to us the history of her life: for I told her I had come all the way from England to hear it, and to see her. She readily complied with my wishes, but wandered occasionally from her subject. She frequently stopped to make reflections, and at times her enthusiasm rendered her almost incoherent; the following, however, is the substance of her narration.

Her real name is Maunoir, and she was born at Angers, where she lived with a wealthy mother. From the earliest age she devoted herself to charity, and when the civil wars commenced, she visited the fields of battle to carry succour to the wounded, and comfort to the dying. With her basket of drugs and cordials, she braved the horrors of such a scene, spent hours in staunching wounds, and probably saving the lives of many, who would otherwise have perished from exhaustion. During these troubled times, sixty-four unhappy priests were shut up in the chapel of the castle at Angers, and were suffering tortures from thirst. This diminutive being scaled the walls, and by means of cords, lowered wine and water through the broken windows to the unfortunate sufferers. For this she was thrown into prison, and even there, regardless of her own fate, she contrived to help her companions in misfortune. She was at length released by some counter-revolution, which changed the authorities. Her mother died, and her property having been all confiscated, Mademoiselle Maunoir went to Paris, in the hope of attaching herself to some religious community devoted to the relief of the sick, and, arriving at her aunt's, she was entreated to leave her vocations, and behaved as became the heiress of a considerable property. This she positively refused to do, and she was consequently disinherited: before her aunt died, however, she made over her property to the institution which her niece had even then endeavoured to found.

Finding that to associate herself with any established order would be to confine her pious exertions, she pursued her own course, and particularly devoted herself to the care of sick or disgraced soldiers, and of those who were not sufficiently poor to go into an hospital, and yet not rich enough to pay for medical attendance. But the former have always been the chief objects of her care, from which she derives the title of "*La Mère des Soldats*," or the Soldiers' Mother. She not only visits them in their hospitals, but in their prisons, whether she carries them bodily refreshment and the consolations of religion. For this, she is so well known to every body, that she is admitted where no one else would be allowed to go, and, whenever an unhappy soldier is tried for any offence, she takes her station in the court, with her little bottle in her hand, with which she revives the spirits of those who are condemned. The instant that the prisoner is taken out of court, away she trots at an incredible rate, with her wooden shoes, and great feet, to the palace. The sentinels, who know her, permit her to pass; the people in waiting admit her still further; and she glides into the royal presence almost unperceived. She does not always plead in

vain, for, the military laws of France being extremely severe, every opportunity which affords an excuse for their mitigation is readily seized. Among the successful instances which she related to us, I shall select only two.

The first was that of a young man who had been forced into the army, and torn away from a young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and from a number of beloved friends and relations. The news of his mother's dangerous illness, and the immediate prospect of the birth of his child, reached him, and he sought and obtained leave of absence, in order to return to his family. His home was far in the south of France, and he had the happiness of finding his mother better; but, as he was about to depart, after a few days' rest, his wife was taken ill, and to leave her in safety, and embrace his new-born child, he delayed the moment of starting, in the hope of still reaching his regiment by the expiration of his furlough. To do this he was obliged to use extra exertion; but, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he was a week beyond the appointed time. He was seized as a deserter, tried, and condemned to be shot. When his sentence was pronounced, the poor fellow fainted, but *La Mère* was close at hand, to pour her cordial down his throat, and to whisper a few words of hope in his ear. She proceeded, with her usual celerity, to the Tuilleries, and told her story to the kind-hearted Louis XVIII., who not only pardoned the culprit, but ordered his discharge. I saw the letter from the family to his benefactress, which expressed their unbounded gratitude; and she told me that they every year proved, by some trifling present, that her services were not forgotten.

The second instance was of more recent occurrence, and was that of a fine young man, who, after a series of irritating and insulting conduct from his superior officer, was at length struck by him. The soldier returned the blow, and felled his officer to the ground. He was arrested, and the court-martial sentenced him to be shot, in a few hours after condemnation. *La Mère* darted off to the Tuilleries with inconceivable rapidity, but unhappily the king, Charles X., was at St Cloud. She instantly quitted the palace, and met the Duc de R—t in his cabriolet. He heard her story, and telling her to get into his carriage, he drove her at full speed to St Cloud, at the same time informing her that there was no hope for her *protégé*, for the youthful and benevolent Due de Ch—s had already solicited his majesty twice, without success. Arrived at St Cloud, *La Mère* met on the stairs the Duc de Ch—s, who told her that his majesty still continued inexorable, for it was an offence which was never pardoned. *La Mère*, however, persisted, and so effectually worked upon the king's feelings, that he wavered. At that moment, the rolling of wheels and the trampling of horses were heard. They were leading the poor victim to the place of execution. Dropping on her knees, *La Mère* called religion to her aid, in so powerful a manner, that she obtained the royal grace. The Duc de Ch—s awaited the result of her visit, and when she shouted "Pardon!" from the door of the king's apartment, he immediately dispatched a horse-soldier to stop the execution. He arrived just as the poor fellow had had the handkerchief bound round his head, and dropped on his knees to meet his fate. The joyous cries of his companions informed him that he was saved, and when they tore the bandage from his eyes, he was senseless. They carried him from the ground to the hospital, where he had a fever; "but," said his protectress, "we shall soon get him well again."

The good deeds of *La Mère Ste. Camille*, however, have not been confined to individual instances. When the Empress Josephine was on the throne of France, she sent for this enthusiastic being, and asked her what she should give her by way of present. *La Mère* only asked for a male and female lamb of the real Merino breed. The empress complied, and interested herself very much about their well-being. From these, and from a more numerous donation of the same kind from another quarter, *La Mère* has reared a large flock of the purest race. This has been her great resource at all times; and when the plague raged at Barcelona, she pledged her flock, in order to pay the expenses of two religious sisters and five brethren, whom she sent to attend the sick in the hospitals.

Such is the history of this wonderful woman, who is still to be seen every day descending and reascending the hill of Montmartre, on her way to and from the military hospitals. A little basket hangs on her arm, and she is escorted by her two dogs. The soldiers bless her as she passes their barracks. "Good day, mother!" salutes her on all sides as she goes along; and many of the poorer class feel a superstitious reverence even for her name. I was in her presence nearly three hours, and my attention had been so strongly excited, and the interest I felt for her was so powerful, that I was glad to walk quietly back to the *burreria*. Her voice rung in my ears for days, and I felt quite annoyed when any one tried to lower the estimate I had made of her good qualities. They say that the wounded workmen whom she takes into her hospital, would have better medical advice in a public establishment; that, carried away by her enthusiasm, she is no respecter of times or persons, and intrudes herself till she becomes troublesome; and that she is led away by her feelings to a degree bordering on insanity. I am willing to grant all this, but her motives, her re-

ligious fervour, her active benevolence, are all pure and disinterested, I firmly believe; and if they be tainted with superstition and enthusiasm, we must recollect her education as an excuse for the first, and, as for the latter, I will ask—what great purpose was ever effected without it?—*Stories of Strange Lands*, by Mrs Lee. Moxon, London.

DRAINING BY BORING.

WHEN we published, in the 205th number of the Journal, a paragraph respecting Artesian Wells, we were not aware that a practice of the same kind had existed in Britain for above seventy years, as a part of the business of draining. In a Systematic Treatise on Draining, by Mr Johnstone, land-surveyor, Edinburgh (4to, 1834), there is an account of this mode of draining, which, it seems, was originated by Mr Joseph Elkington, a Warwickshire farmer, in the year 1764. According to Mr Johnstone's work, Elkington was experiencing some difficulty in draining a piece of ground in his farm of Princethorpe, when, one of his servants chancing to pass with a crow-bar, he took the instrument and drove it four feet below the bottom of the trench, with a view to reaching any subjacent body of water which might exist in that place. On the bar being withdrawn, it was followed by a great stream of water, which convinced Mr Elkington that an auger would be serviceable in places where it was impossible to execute a drain sufficiently deep. He immediately applied that instrument in various parts of his farm, which was soon completely drained, and became as remarkable for the healthiness of its live stock, as it had previously been for the reverse. He was then called upon to extend his labours over the neighbouring farms, and in time found it advisable to devote himself entirely to the business of draining, which he practised for above thirty years with the most signal success. "From his long practice and experience," says Mr Johnstone, "he became so skilful in judging of the internal strata of the earth, and the nature of springs, that, with remarkable precision, he could ascertain where to find water, and trace the course of springs that made no appearance on the surface of the ground. During his practice he drained, in various parts of England, particularly in the midland counties, many thousand acres of land, which, from being originally of no value, soon became as useful as any in the kingdom, by producing the most valuable kinds of grain, and feeding the best and healthiest species of stock."

The object of Mr Elkington's process is simply to furnish an outlet to subjacent water, which otherwise would keep the surface in a state of perpetual wetness. The quantity of water which may thus be brought to the surface is much greater than could be expected from the width of the bore. A perforation by Mr Elkington at Tamworth, in Staffordshire, to the depth of thirty feet, produced a spring which gave three hogsheads per minute. It is obvious that the same expedient might be adopted with advantage for procuring supplies of water for domestic purposes. It is even possible, by applying a pipe or water-tight brick chimney, to raise the water much above the level of the orifice of the bore, so as to supply houses with cisterns from the top to the bottom. Mr Elkington, on one occasion, in draining a low meadow, raised the water into a mill-lead which flowed at a considerable height above the drain. "The advantages of such operations," says Mr Johnstone, "must be very great in many situations, though some may consider them impracticable. That water will rise to a very considerable height by means of its own pressure in high and distant ground, the following remarkable occurrence, which happened in digging a well in the vicinity of London, is a proof. Earl Spencer, for the preservation of his noble mansion at Wimbledon against fire, ordered a well to be dug at a little distance from the house, which was sunk to the amazing depth of six hundred feet before any spring was found. It was begun on the 31st of May 1795; and on the 12th of August 1796, the man employed in the undertaking gave a signal to the person above to draw him up, as he had found the spring, and was immersed in water so deep that his life was endangered. In the space of four hours, the water rose to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, and during two days following its increase was more than a foot an hour. The water, proceeding from rock, is remarkably fine, and from the strata it passes through, is strongly impregnated with mineral qualities. The sinking of this well cost Earl Spencer two thousand pounds; but it compenses him by its utility, as, before it was done, the only supply for the family was either rain falling during the wet weather, or water procured from the adjoining fish-ponds. As there is no extent of higher ground near that where the well was sunk, and as the depth of it is some hundred feet below the bottom of the Thames, the source of the reservoir from which the spring is supplied, must be situated at a very great distance, and must contain a very large and permanent body of water, to raise it so suddenly to such a height, and continue to supply it." For further information on this branch of rural economy, re-

ference may be made to Mr Johnstone's volume, which is illustrated with coloured engravings, and contains the result of above forty years' experience in the business of which it treats.

In our 131st number, an account is given of the plan to be pursued in boring for water, in order to supersede the necessity for sinking wells.

DINNER CEREMONIAL.

THE following rules for the guidance of a gentleman in company at dinner are abridged from a small volume recently published, under the title of "The Science of Etiquette." This, with a few eccentric and extreme notions, is a clever, and may be an useful book. It presents observations respecting Introductory Letters, Visiting, Tattling, Peculiar Habits, Dress, Dancing, and so forth, "very necessary to be known," we should say, to all young persons, and even to a few of the old.

"In order to dine out, the first requisite is—to be invited. The length of time which the invitation precedes the dinner, is always proportioned to the grandeur of the occasion, and varies from two days to two weeks.

When the guests have all entered the drawing-room, and been presented to one another, if any delay occurs, the conversation should be of the lightest and least exciting kind—mere common-places about the weather and late arrivals. You should not amuse the company by animated relations of one person who has just cut his throat from ear to ear, or of another who, the evening before, was choked by a tough beef-steak, and was buried that morning.

It is a breach of etiquette to arrive long after the appointed hour. When a dinner party has assembled in the drawing-room, the mistress or master will point out to you the lady that you are to conduct to the dinner room, unless it is observed that you have yourself made a choice, in which case you will be left to it; but beware, that in doing so, you are sufficiently entitled, as, if this is not the case, you give just cause of offence.

If you merely pass from one room to another, give the lady your right hand; if you descend a stair, give her the wall; when you enter the room, seat yourself at her left side, in preference to the right.

At parties, as in introductions, the lady, of whatever rank, always takes precedence of the gentleman.

The lady of the house will be the last to enter the dining-room; she will take the head of the table, the gentleman of the highest rank sitting at her right hand, and the next in rank at her left—these two are expected to assist her to carve.

The gentleman of the house takes the foot of the table, with the two ladies of highest rank, one on each side.

To perform faultlessly the honours of the table, is one of the most difficult things in society. The great business of the host is to put everyone entirely at ease, to gratify all their desires, and make them, in a word, absolutely contented with men and things. To accomplish this, he must have the genius of tact to perceive, and the genius of fitness to execute; ease and frankness of manner; a knowledge of the world that nothing can surprise; a calmness of temper that nothing can disturb; and a kindness of disposition that can never be exhausted. When he receives others, he must be content to forget himself; he must relinquish all desire to shine, and even all attempts to please his guests by conversation, and rather do all in his power to let them please one another. He must behave to them without agitation, without affectation; pay attention without an air of protection; encourage the timid, draw out the silent, and direct conversation without sustaining it himself. He who does not do all this, is wanting in his duty as host; he who does, is more than mortal.

Your first duty at the table is to attend to the wants of the lady who sits next to you, the second, to attend to your own. In performing the first, you should take care that the lady has all that she wishes, yet without appearing to direct your attention too much to her plate, for nothing is more ill-bred than to watch a person eating. If the lady be something of a gourmand, and, in over-zealous pursuit of the aroma of the wing of a pigeon, should raise an unmanageable portion to her mouth, you should cease all conversation with her, and look steadfastly into the opposite part of the room.

In France, a dish, after having been placed upon the table for approval, is removed by the servants, and carved at a sideboard, and afterwards handed to each in succession. This is extremely convenient, and worthy of acceptance in this country. But, unfortunately, it does not as yet prevail here. Carving, therefore, becomes an indispensable branch of a gentleman's education. You should no more think of going to a dinner without a knowledge of this art, than you should think of going without your shoes. The gentleman of the house selects the various dishes in the order in which they should be cut, and invites some particular one to perform the office. It is excessively awkward to be obliged to decline, yet it is a thing too often occurring in this country. When you carve, you should never rise from your seat.

Never make any apology for what is on the table.

At a party, never take soup or fish twice: at a family dinner this is not of consequence.

Let a lady be the first you ask to take wine with, but observe that her soup and fish be first finished.

Never refuse taking wine on being asked: you are not bound to do more than sip your glass.

Never load the plate of any one; and in helping sauce do not cover the meat or vegetables, but put it on one side of the plate. Never put more than one spoonful of soup into a plate.

Knives were made for cutting, and those who carry food to their mouths with them frequently cut their lips. Eat always with a fork or a spoon—unless, indeed, in those old-fashioned houses where there are only two-pronged forks, you are obliged to use your knife. No one, however, who give parties omits to have broad silver forks.

As knives spoil the delicacy of fish, and are apt to be corroded with the sauce, fish is generally eaten with the assistance of a fork and a piece of bread.

Pear, curry, tart, and pudding, should be eaten with a spoon rather than a fork.

In helping any one at table, never use a knife and fork, if a spoon can be as conveniently substituted.

In supping, eating, and drinking, make as little noise as possible.

Never pick your teeth at table if you can avoid it.

Never press people to eat more than they choose: never press any particular dish; it is sufficient to recommend it.

Never send away your own plate until all your guests have done so.

Ladies should never have gloves on at dinner; servants should never want them; above all, take care that your servants' gloves be clean and white.

If a plate be sent to you, at dinner, by the master or mistress of the house, you should always take it, without offering it to all your neighbours, as was in olden times considered necessary. The spirit of antique manners consisted in exhibiting an attention to ceremony; the spirit of modern manners consists in avoiding all possible appearance of form. The old custom of deferring punctiliously to others was awkward and inconvenient. For, the person in favour of whom the courtesy was shown, shocked at the idea of being exceeded in politeness, of course declined it, and a plate was thus often kept vibrating between two bowing mandarins till its contents were cold, and the victims of ceremony were deprived of their dinner. In a case like this, to reverse the decision which the host has made as to the relative standing of his guests, is but a poor compliment to him, as it seems to reprove his choice, and may, besides, materially interfere with his arrangements, by rendering unhelped a person whom he supposes attended to.

When you are helped to any thing at a dinner-table, do not wait, with your plate untouched, until others have begun to eat. This stiff piece of mannerism often occurs in the country, and indeed among all persons who are not thoroughly bred. As soon as your plate is placed before you, you should take up your knife and arrange the table furniture around you, if you do not actually eat.

It is not necessary that you use finger glasses, but if you do, only dip the corner of your towel in them, and wipe your lips, then your finger points; but never so far forget etiquette as to rinse your mouth although some may consider it very fashionable.

Never take the skin off any fruit for a lady, unless she asks you; and be careful that you hold it with your fork, not your fingers.

If you have drunk with every one at the table! and wish more wine!! you must wait till the cloth is removed!!! The decanter is then sent round from the head of the table—each person fills his glass. It is enough if you bow to the master and mistress of the house. After this the ladies retire. Some one rises to open the door for them, and they go into the parlour, the gentlemen remaining to drink more wine.

After the ladies have retired, the bottle goes down the left side and up the right. If you do not drink, at least put some more into your glass; afterwards pass the bottle to your neighbour.

It is a piece of refined coarseness to employ the fingers instead of the fork to effect certain operations at the dinner-table, and on some other similar occasions. To know how and when to follow the fashion of Eden, and when that of more civilised life, is one of the many points which distinguish a gentleman from one not a gentleman; or rather, in this case, which shows the difference between a man of the world and one who has not the 'tune of the time.' Cardinal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork. He might have applied the test to a vast many other things. Yet, on the other hand, a gentleman would lose his reputation, if he were to take a piece of sugar with his fingers and not with the sugar-tongs.

It is almost needless to say that your own knife should never be brought near to the butter, or salt, or to a dish of any kind.

When you send your plate for any thing, leave your knife and fork upon it, crossed. When you have done, lay both in parallel lines on one side.

The chief matter of consideration at the dinner-table, as indeed everywhere else in the life of a gentleman, is to be perfectly composed and at his ease. He speaks deliberately, he performs the most important act of the day as if he were performing the most ordinary.

Yet there is no appearance of trifling or want of gravity in his manner; he maintains the dignity which is becoming on so vital an occasion. He performs all the ceremonies, yet in the style of one who performs no ceremony at all. He goes through all the complicated duties of the scene, as if he were 'to the manner born.'

Some persons, who cannot draw the nice distinction between too much and too little, desiring to be particularly respectable, make a point of appearing unconcerned and quite indifferent to enjoyment at dinner. Such conduct not only exhibits a want of sense and a profane levity, but is in the highest degree rude to your obliging host. He has taken a great deal of trouble to give you pleasure, and it is your business to be, or at least to appear to be, pleased. It is one thing, indeed, to stare and wonder, and to ask for all the delicacies on the table, in the style of a person who had lived all his life in a cave, but it is quite another to throw into your manner the spirited and gratified air of a man who is indeed not unused to such matters, but who yet esteems them at their full value.

When the Duke of Wellington was at Paris, as commander of the allied armies, he was invited to dine with Cambaceres, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmands* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of the dinner, his host having helped him to some particular *recherche* dish, expressed a hope that he found it agreeable. 'Very good,' said the hero of Waterloo, who was probably speculating upon what he would have done if Blucher had not come up: 'very good; but I really do not care what I eat.' Cambaceres started back, and dropped his fork, quite 'frightened from his property.' 'Don't care what you eat! What did you come here for, then?'

Never speak harshly at table, even to your own servants; and be particularly civil to the servants of others.

Invitations to dine should be in the name of the lady and gentleman: answers should be addressed to the lady.

After you have been out dining, it is customary to make an early ceremonial visit to the lady of the house.

Never talk politics at a dinner-table, nor in a drawing-room."

HYMN OF NATURE.

[By W. O. Peabody, an American author.]

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountainous rise like holy towers,
Whose man might compare with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lours upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That writhes singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To weave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and voidless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's ring!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at thy burning throne.
God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

CURIOS SPECIMENS OF TURKISH COURAGE.—

"The Greek prize which was brought in on the previous morning had blown up, and eighteen persons, including the Turkish captain and his crew, were sent, in the midst of their drunken orgies, to eternity. Many were yet alive in the water when I reached the shore, crying out for help, which no one seemed disposed to render. There was not a stick remaining of the brig, and the account the survivors gave of the catastrophe was this:—When the captain and all the officers were drunk, the former proposed, as a test of

his people's courage, that they should go into the powder-room and smoke their pipes on the powder-chest. Three of them performed this courageous feat; and, in the middle of the exploit, the ship exploded! After this, I leave you to judge of Turkish courage, and of the character of Turkish officers. An instance of similar stupidity, but of a more ridiculous nature, occurred here a few days ago:—A poor Arab soldier in the arsenal lit a fire to cook his victuals, and took four large bombs (imagining they were canons) to set his pot on: he stooped to blow the fire, and the moment he did so, three of the bombs exploded, and carried away pot, dinner, shed, and all. The poor fellow, luckily, was stooping at the time, and thus avoided the worst effects of the explosion. He was, however, severely scorched, and covered with superficial wounds from top to toe."—R. R. Madden.

FREAKS OF VIRTUE.—In our judgment of men, we are to beware of giving any great importance to occasional acts. By acts of occasional virtue weak men endeavour to redeem themselves in their own estimation, vain men to exalt themselves in that of mankind. It may be observed, that there are no men more worthless and selfish in the general tenor of their lives, than some who from time to time perform feats of generosity. Sentimental selfishness will commonly vary its indulgences in this way, and vain-glory selfishness will break out into acts of munificence. But self-government and self-denial are not to be relied upon for any real strength, except in so far as they are found to be exercised in detail.—*The Statesman*.

AMERICAN BREEDING.—I had but few acquaintances among what may be called the refined classes of society in New York. From the little I saw, however, I was led to conclude that the manners that prevailed in those circles differed no further from those in the corresponding rank among ourselves, than what might be explained by a reference to habits that give a different value in the eyes of each to the connection between essentials and externals. There is a natural good breeding about an American gentleman that places you at once in a position most congenial to your feelings, and points out to you the exact limits between social freedom and vulgar familiarity. He has, in general, too much respect for himself to treat you with hauteur, to mortify you by an assumption of superiority, or embarrass a stranger by a display of those conventional forms, which mediocrities has imposed upon the spirit of exclusiveness to shelter its insignificance and protect its privileges.—*Abdy's America*.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE IDEAS OF CLEANLINESS!—Captain Kincaid, of the Rifles, in his amusing book, says something about the difference between Spain and Portugal, and likens the leaving the latter, and getting into the former, as a step from the coal-hole to the drawing-room. No doubt it is, but I am of opinion that the Portuguese, with all their dirt, are more in character than their neighbours; they suit the action to the object—the collecting of vermin: they suit their dress—a garb of filth—to the same purpose; but it is too ridiculous to see a Castilian, with his broad-brimmed hat, out-topped with a plume of feathers, leather belt with a huge knife, and oftentimes a sword stuck in it, officiating as master of the ceremonies in those obsequies to the dead! Can any one for a moment reconcile it to himself as at all consistent, to see a huge cavalier, dressed as I have described, and caparisoned à la *Henri Quatre*, superintending the picking away vermin from his children, and often submitting to the same ordeal himself? The thing is preposterous, and deserves to be scouted. The Portuguese are a filthy race, no doubt; but they have one merit, and it is the only one I can give them—namely, that they feel and know themselves to be a dirty race, and do not pretend to what their neighbours do, by any affectation of false pride in a matter in which both are equally involved—dirt. Of the relative merits of each nation as to bravery, I profess myself to be ignorant; but I am certain that our newspaper writers have devoted too great a space in recording the merits of both. I never saw a Spanish battalion exposed to fire: the Portuguese I have seen, and I can say nothing in their favour, notwithstanding all that has been written in their praise; but in the matter at issue between the Spanish nation, the Portuguese, and myself, namely—filth, I decided to give my voice in favour of the Portuguese, and for this reason, that they are more in keeping, and presume nothing; while their neighbours would wish to make you suppose them the very *comé de perfection*. If you ask a Portuguese shopkeeper for a thing he may not have, he will tell you that he has it not; but will add, with a shrug of his shoulders, "You can get it at Lisbon." Ask a Spaniard the same question, and if he cannot accommodate you, he will refer you to Madrid; but he will add, "*Donde está Madrid, calle il mundo!*" the plain English of which *modest* sentiment is, "Where Madrid is, let the world be silent."—*United Service Journal*.

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